

"I'm thinking about retiring," she sighs confidentially. "We're starting now to phase ourselves out, to move into other areas, and I figure about three years from now I'll be in Hawaii."

"When I say 'retired' I don't ever expect to retire from life," she adds. "I see myself as a very vigorous, very active 75 year old lady, you know. I'll be running all over the country lecturing or something — I don't know!! But I'll be doing something. I'm not going to sit home and vegetate."

"I'll still be putting out an album every eight months, three albums every two years. And I'm obliged to do that for quite a while yet. But, of course, that doesn't take up a whole 12 months of my time. I've not yet had an album that I've spent more than a couple of weeks on," Helen says. "But, I won't be



THE MAN BEHIND THE WOMAN — Helen Reddy and Jeff Wald at "An Evening With Sammy Cahn."

doing six months of one-nighters or any of that other stuff any more. Ideally, for the next couple of years I'd like to make one motion picture, one TV special, an album and maybe one concert tour or something a year. That would be nice!

"You reach a point where you've reached whatever goals that you had set out to achieve. And you have to think, 'Well, is this all there is?' You know, there must be something more."

"I'd like to have a lot more free time to write and pursue a lot of other interests that I've had to neglect the last few years, because so much time has been devoted. But I also feel that with a recording star, it's kind of like being an athlete. You have a very short span of years in which to make your life time earnings. I don't expect to be on the top of the pop charts ten years from now — but I don't expect to be working in a super-market either!"

Jeff and Helen led me to the darkened bedroom where little Jordan was peacefully napping. Proudly, they pulled the kicked-off blanket over him, and we quietly tiptoed out into the hallway. The hallway, as Jeff pointed out, was lined with gold records, various awards and framed #1 lists.

Children and gold records — the two worlds of Helen Reddy and Jeff Wald meld easily together — one supporting the other to make their unique partnership a cohesive whole.

"...I know you wouldn't trade me For the moon inside a jar 'Cause you made me Both a son and a star And in our twilight We will recall that the highlight for us in this world Was having dreams come true..."

(Helen Reddy—"Love Song For Jeffrey")

Imminent Death Of Music

By Don Ray

Like a person with a pernicious cough who refuses to see a doctor, classical music goes its merry way cheerfully ignoring life-threatening symptoms. And why not, with the surface so reassuring? Concerts are well attended, the braves inevitable, income adequate (so long as the commercial aristocracy continues to cover annual deficits), press agents print one dazzling attendance statistic after another. Obviously all's right with classical music.

Was that a murmur back there? Because there's trouble in River City, because there's one thing you won't find at the Pavilion or the Bowl: the producing intellectual community of Los Angeles, our young designers, screenwriters, and most important, our studio musicians, most with symphonic careers behind them (at a studio session recently, the violin section included the former concertmasters of the Philadelphia, Los Angeles Philharmonic, American Symphony and Cleveland Orchestras). These are eminently informed involved musicians but you'll rarely if ever see them at concerts. True, there may be a composer or two at a Monday Evening Concert if a Leonard Rosenman work is being performed, or a couple of pianists if Ralph Greerson is giving a recital at the Mermaid. But other than that, nothing.

And the reason they have given up attending concerts is that they have regrettably given up on classical music in general. They prefer to support themselves performing music of generally second quality rather than spend their lives rehashing masterworks that had given up their mysteries before these players had finished school. The thrust that impelled music forward for two hundred years has finally faltered and these players recognize this, although they seem unable to penetrate the conspiracy of silence that exists to suppress this fact.

And without the purifying presence of a dedicated informed consensus, what remains? A passive academic intelligentsia that spends intermission discussing Solti's *Pathétique* or Giulini's *Pathétique*, never Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*. And beyond them are balding men and sleek women standing about playing social games: the one-upmanship bunch ("I think you'll find they spell it 'Magdalen', but they pronounce it 'Maudlin'"), the ars-gratia-artis crowd ("Don't you feel an almost spacial perfection in the late Mozart, a spirituality that transcends human experience?"), the "Now" coven ("Frankly I get a hell of a lot more out of EST than I ever did out of Alan Watts!"), the visitors ("God, Thelma, the chandeliers!"), and the entrepreneurs ("If you want it by Tuesday, you'll have it by Tuesday!").

Doesn't anybody listen to the music anymore? Judging by intermission conversation, no one seems moved, involved or even interested.

If we are to revive the momentum music once had, to regain those catalytic souls that can make concerts important events again, we must take a hard look at the traditions that, while apropos a century ago, now threaten to strangle classical music.

First, we must rid music of the

onus that, like Sunday School, it is good for you; that only makes it an enemy of the people.

Second, we need to alter radically concert ambiance. Fixed seating that looks regimentally toward the stage, concert halls that resemble opulent dirigible hangers, these must give way to smaller, more informal auditoria.

A concert is neither a trip to Versailles nor a sporting event. Once these impossibilities have been achieved, we must then program music that inspires attention rather than requiring it. Obviously part of each concert should be drawn from the past simply because so much that is worthy was produced there. But there should also be a selectivity that reflects the modern temper and not merely the prejudices of the past.

Most important, we need new music to leaven the familiar so that each concert is a balance between the eternal verities and new enlightenments. By new music, I do not mean those mynasal nightmares that have been masquerading as the avant garde for the past twenty years, sustaining themselves through the composers' religious sense of self-importance and incomprehensible, intimidating program notes. We need new music that appeals intuitively and does not need to apologize for its idiom.

If on the one hand we reject the spiritual descendants of Varese, and on the other the école de Leroy Anderson, what is left?

Possibly a fusion of the classical and popular traditions that would blend the melodic strength and visceral thrust of rock with the broader color spectrum and structures of the classical. A first and promising effort in this direction was made several years ago when Shorty Rogers developed a symphonic rhapsody based on themes of Mike Nesmith entitled *Wichita Train Whistle* which required the resources of both symphonic and popular players. Others like the Electric Light Orchestra, Procol Harum, and Rick Wakeman have been experimenting in this new never-never land. Unfortunately those classical composers who have tried to join jazz with classical music have produced rather stiff exercises that juxtaposed rather than fused the two idioms.

Which suggests this meeting of styles may develop primarily in the popular field; it is less hide-bound, and in its effort to satisfy an voracious public, always seeking something new. Rock seems to have run its course and is in the doldrums, forced into such desperate exotica as glitter and gay rock to hold public attention. Maybe the time is right for the average man, historically conditioned to hate classical music, to choose it as a successor to two solid decades of over-amplified guitars, over-hyped singing groups and all of the exciting but limited paraphernalia of rock.

So cheer up. If you're wondering glumly just what could possibly follow Zenakis, Penderecki and Stockhausen, consider how freaky and unpredictable life is, and how the next giant step forward for music might be the simple commonplace joining of seemingly irreconcilable idioms. At worst it would be a fascinating experience; at best a renaissance, a chance for classical music to avoid the oblivion that now yawns before it.

Theater: Mirror to Mirror

By Ben Pleasants

Mirror to Mirror by The Company Theatre based on a "La Dispute" by Pierre Marivaux, produced and directed by Gar Campbell, sets Deidre Berthrong, lighting Marsha Polekoff.

CAST
Hermiane Alexandra Morgan
Kirr Gar Campbell
Vel Polita Barnes
Tanuous Paul Linke
Carise Nancy Hickey
Mesrou Michael Prichard
Egle Trish Soodik
Mesrin Alan Abelew
Azor Andrew Parks
Adine Susan Gelb
Meslis James DiAngelo
Dina Deidre Berthrong

"Begin with an individual," said Scott Fitzgerald "and before you know it you have created a type; begin with a type and you have created nothing." There is an

reflects the disparate kinds of female.

Kirr, played by Gar Campbell (with his usual excellence forms his friends that four have been raised on another planet without contact with anyone (including each other) with the exception of their humanoid knowledge. He proposes the four be used to experiment to determine sex is the less fickle — an eighteenth century subject ever heard one — substitute futurists (whatever happens the triumph of socialism) bored aristos of the 1700's.

What ensues is pure, innovative theatre. Egle (played with precision and warmth by Soodik) is lead out into the world by her loving keeper (Nancy Hickey) and Mesrou (Michael Prichard) who are sexless beings it would reserve your opinions 'til the and who counterpoint the bounds of Ms. Soodik with voice and mechanical step discovering herself in a Egle experiences (for that is we have here) Azor, her counterpart played with excellence by Andrew Parks. Early scenes of idyllic love between the two are the finest in the The nefarious quartet then introduce another couple, Mesrou (played with less enthusiasm Susan Gelb) and Alan Abelew prances around effectively Mesrin.

The problems come up, of when Egle meets Adine contend with mirrors in a beauty contest) and the lovers Shakespeare and the Roman become involved with each other.

The resolution is rather and there is a problem with names (Mesrin, Meslin, Mesrou) but essentially production is energetic; it does insult our intelligence by making the space of the stage through ward on small circular resembling lily pads at "Raisin" at the Shubert. Every inch of stage is used to advantage. The play, a little for Company audiences, is right along with an amusing interchange between the first lovers and the second, all with innocence as the mechanical forces of decadence punch control buttons from behind a through curtain.

What we observe finally, with Fitzgerald, is that individual change, mutate, fight, struggle and continue to evolve as Company Theatre is doing; merely bog down and die almost any TV comedy would indicate.



Photo courtesy COMPANY THEATRE

MIRROR TO MIRROR — Susan Gelb and Alan Abelew find out about love in Company Theatre's production "Mirror to Mirror."

enormous amount of theater about that begins with a type and creates — in the sense of bringing something new to the stage — nothing. The Company Theatre is not one of these. Its long history of struggle and combat marks the growth of an individual. The style, the productions and the performances are unique; the quality of acting is unusually even and professional, functioning more as an ensemble (several instruments in a well-conducted orchestra) than as a showcase for singular talents.

Therefore it comes as no surprise to this reviewer that Gar Campbell's production of "Mirror to Mirror," based on an eighteenth century play by Pierre Marivaux ("The Dispute") is completely successful as theater and makes for a delightful evening.

Set in a futuristic world, four somewhat decadent gamblers amuse themselves by discussing the source of infidelity — whether it is a male inspired whim or



ALEX IN NDERLAND was consciously linesque, yet fascinating. UME IN LOVE was at the same e hilarious and profound, a fault juggling act. And HARRY D TONTO breathed new life (the hoary stereotype of the y grandpa. None of Mazursky's mes have been innovative. It is approach that makes them m so, his refreshing new way of king at things we've seen ore, enhanced by a cheerily -happy love of life and the ng.

azursky, therefore, seems to man we can trust. But he puts trust to the test with his latest, XT STOP, GREENWICH LAGE. I hasten to say that the is enjoyable. But Mazursky to work too hard to make it so. story, seemingly biographic, follows a young dd-be actor (Lenny Baker) n his Brooklyn home and ily (Shelley Winters and Mike lin) to the fabled Village of the y Fifties. It's the right place at right time and the budding pian involves himself with an ortment of generally disturbed izens in search of la vie me, including a pale, ill-pered Jewish princess whom mpregnates.

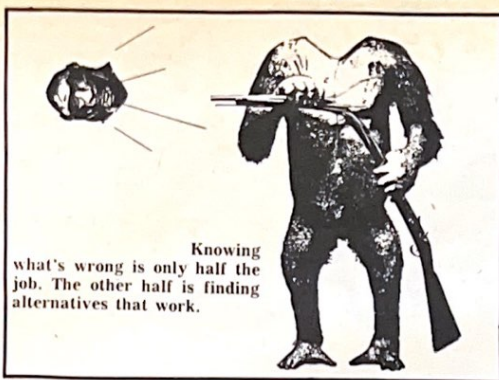
he events that befall our hero y, indeed, have actually hap- ed to Mazursky. But many of n have also happened to other ative types whose lives, fic- ally or in fact, have previously

Baker's gangling hero is, nk God, nothing like Dustin (man's confused nebbish or hard Benjamin's mainly kable manic. And there is a former named Christopher ken whose brooding screen sence augers a bright future. ut the fact remains that the of Mazursky turning his comic ght on Greenwich Village at the inning of the Beat Generation is ch header than the actuality of film itself — a lovingly con- cted, personal little story. It's cisely what the director- enwriter wanted. But not what as expecting at all.

inally, we come to Walter Hill's RD TIMES, a movie presenting ries Bronson as a mystical et fighter on the bum who ds up in New Orleans in the 1st of the Great Depression. se I have not cared much for the vies Hill has written (THE EF WHO CAME TO DINNER, E MACHINTOSH MAN and TAWAY. Only HICKEY AND GGS seemed workable) and e I prefer Bronson the solid racter actor to Bronson the erstar of stone, I was happily rised by a carefully crafted, ely appealing motion picture is satisfying on a number of ls, including visceral and in- ctual.

ike Sergio Leone, Hill, in cting his first movie, borrows vily from the Oriental film- sers. Unlike Leone, he does not ulge in excessive closeups, iera gimmicks, prolonged sence or a snakelike plot. His is traightforward tale, told well simply. Bronson acts. His tionship with co-star James urn (at his most raffish and ratiating) is easy and eable.

he picture is rich in delights e and small. The bayous and ays of Louisiana are put to king use. The fight sequences e expertly choreographed and dless. Strother Martin is ant as a physician who can't e heal himself. It's the kind of py surprise that cancels out a en disappointments.



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